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THE ANACONDA STANDARD.

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ANACONDA, MONTANA, SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 17, 1892.

THE PROMISE OF SPRING.

O day of God, thou bringest back
The singing of the birds,
With music for the hearts that lack,
More musical than words!

Thou meltest now the frozen deep
Where dreaming love lay bound,
Thou wakest life in buds asleep
And joy in skies that frowned.

Not yet may almond blossoms dare
A wintry world to bless;
Still to the trees their beauty wear
Of glorious nakedness.

But clouds are riven with the light
Of old unclouded days,
And love unfolds to longing sight
His sweet and silent ways.

—*The Academy.*

THE SONG OF THE TROUSSEAU.

Wrap, and corset, and gown,
Sleeve, and ruffle, and band—
Fitting me, up and down—
As long as I've strength to stand.

Pinning me in and out,
Basting me out and in,
Vexed that I've grown so stout—
Grumbling because I'm thin.

Watching my eyes and hair,
Suiting my cheek and neck,
Hauling me here and there,
Until I'm a perfect wreck.

Band, and ruffle, and sleeve;
Oh, the first bride was blest—
Dear little happy Eve,
In love and innocence dressed.

—*Life.*

STORIES OF LIFE

THE SWORD-BEARER'S REBELLION---A TALE OF THE RUSTLERS—MONTANA ROMANCES.

Written for the Standard.

THE morning of the 5th of November, 1887, dawned as resplendently beautiful upon the valley of the Little Horn as on that other fateful day in June which witnessed the tragical death of 300 troops of the gallant Seventh cavalry.

No nobler landscape can be found amid the magnificent mountain scenery for which Montana is so justly famed, than that surrounding the historic spot commemorated by the Custer monument, and the golden light of this lovely autumn morn smiled upon a scene of weird sublimity, well fitted to again become the theater of savage warfare. Far away above the southern horizon the purple silhouette of the Wolf mountains traced its rugged outline upon a sky lit by the peculiar sun-rise tints peculiar to these high altitudes.

In the southwest the mighty Big Horn range stood majestically forth, its snow-capped peaks sparkling with glittering arrows of rosy light, while sweeping away from the tree-clad banks of the winding rivers to the feet of distant bad land combs, wide, breezy plateaux, touched here and there by wavering lights and shadows, but to the picture a fitting foreground.

All night the monotonous beating of the rude instrument, through the medium of which savage man in every land has sought to voice his emotions, the tom tom, was heard echoing from the large Indian camp near the agency, but the light of day, stealing through the streets and alleys of this suddenly erected city of tepees, broke in upon an ominous silence almost painful in its contrast to the constant din of the night. The sweet trumpet notes of reveille, ringing from the cavalry camps, awork answering yelps from the throats of hundreds of starving dogs, which, like droves of hungry wolves, hung upon the confines of the camp, and soon after the stentorian tones of an Indian orator harranguing the village, came clearly upon the air as the chimes of a bell.

Just after sunrise, both in the various camps of the military and amid the scattered groups of the Indian lodges, an unusual activity developed itself, betokening the coming of some important event, and a feeling of uncertainty and dread seemed suddenly to settle like a pall upon the inmates of the agency buildings.

The long expected movement of the little army under General Ruger was about to be made upon the hostile camp, and mounted messengers were soon riding hither and thither between the various cavalry and infantry outposts.

Two anxious hours passed and the silvery notes of "boots and saddles" broke suddenly forth, followed by the swarming of armed troopers amid the camps, and a sudden congregation of startled Indians into excited groups.

Here and there rode a savage horseman madly through the camp, and within a short time scores of lodges disappeared and men moved by squares within the military lines surrounding the agency.

These were the non-combatants, and the exodus continued throughout the day, even during the whole of the battle which followed. At length by the aid of glasses, some 10 or 15 mounted and picturesquely attired chiefs were seen to go forth from the lodges in company with a scout sent out from the cavalry camp, and in a brief time they drew rein at a tent before which stood a group of officers, who, booted and spurred, were drawn up within a wide encompassing circle of restive troop horses. It was the headquarters of General Ruger and a parley lasting some 15 minutes ensued.

At its close the chiefs again mounted their ponies and dashed at a mad gallop across the open plain which separated the cavalry position from the village. Numbers of warriors now collected at the farther end of the village, within the camp of Crazy Head, the most influential chief among the malcontents, when an earnest council was observed to take place, one mounted speaker after another addressing the assembled braves in rapid succession, the gaudily dressed throng shifting its position from time to time in attendance upon the various orators.

After the lapse of about an hour two horsemen separated themselves from the village, and, one closely following the other, rode in a wide circle at full speed around the agency grounds, close up to the skirmish line of the infantry guard surrounding the buildings. Both wore a garb of bright scarlet, and their feathered war bonnets and fantastically caparisoned and painted steeds made a bright picture against the brown background of brush and copse, as they drew near.

The one in advance carried a sword held aloft, its glittering blade at intervals catching the sunlight as he waved it slowly over his crested head, and it needed not the swift action of the Sioux wife of one of the agency farmers, who swooping down upon her brood of young ones like a she eagle hurried them within one of the buildings as she exclaimed affrightedly "Shesh Tah Pash," to convince us that it was indeed the famous Sword Bearer himself. We learned later that he had promised his followers that he would slay us all by a simple "twist of his wrist," and this was his purpose in approaching the line of the agency guard.

From a convenient point we were able to examine his immortal jugglarship within the distance of easy arrow shot, and the liniments of his countenance would have been plainly visible had it not been for the thick mask of red and yellow paint with which it was smeared. The soldiers in the picket line stood like statues at their posts as he rode by, their officers with unsheathed swords evidently longing for orders to open fire. None came, however, and the pair rode at a fierce pace back to the hostile camp. Within a few moments the great council circle began to dissolve, one warrior after another riding forth into the open space before the cavalry headquarters, until within a brief period 150 painted braves were riding over the plain waving their guns and shouting. Presently a rifle was fired, and in another moment a movement was evident among the military forces, and then a blue and white mass of cavalry in compact column half hidden in a cloud of dust crossed some little gulches like a flash towards the farthest point of the Indian position. It was a charge by the gray horse troops. Then the air was suddenly filled with the din of musketry, which gradually increased in volume until sometimes the shots merged together in an indistinguishable crash.

All at once came a deep boom, which pealed across the hills in repeated echoes, and then was followed by a sharp detonation beyond the village.

It was the report of the Hotchkiss guns and the explosion of its shell across the Little Horn. The battle had begun in earnest. The various detachments of soldiers now shifted their positions, and were drawn up in the rear of the cavalry headquarters, while directly back of the agency grounds were the group of colored cavalry, quietly standing in line facing the upper end of the village, as though in readiness to charge.

Two troops of cavalry confronted the Indians, who now boldly rode forth to meet them, headed by the scarlet Sword Bearer and his lieutenant, the former waving his sword wildly in the air.

At this movement the soldiers of the two advance troops adopted skirmish tactics, many of them dismounting and fighting on foot while others held the horses. Sword Bearer, failing to slay his enemy with his wonderful blade, now discharged his pistol, and wheeling his horse, fled to the very midst of the Indian ranks, while a heavy volley was exchanged, in which one poor unfortunate man fell from his horse, which, wounded, ran riderless into the timber along the Little Horn.

Slowly now the Indians retreated to the brush, closely pursued by the troops, and another soldier streaming with blood went reeling in the saddle to the rear, while several Indians either fell or rolled from their horses and were helped into the brush by their comrades. Within a short time the pursuing troops had reached the brush, and the Indians had retreated to the bluffs on the east side of the river.

We saw many of them ride a short distance along the banks and enter the river, when they carefully washed their brave war paint sway, and then crossing to the friendly camp delivered their accoutrements to the squaws who quickly whipped them out of sight within the tepees. Many of them thus passed afterwards as good Indians and one of them particularly, who wore a queerly marked blanket, had been the day before to General Armstrong with eloquent protestations of friendship. The morning after the battle he came again with his beautiful smile, but the soldiers remembered him and trusted him not. About 2 o'clock, while there was yet some active skirmishing in the brush, a shout arose that Sword Bearer was no more, and strange to say the Indian school children in one of the buildings, began clapping their hands with joy.

Their minds were evidently relieved of a heavy weight. It was known afterwards that the Indians feared Sword Bearer and his alleged murderous magical powers even more than they did the soldiers with their more substantial gunpowder and steel.

They fully believed that he had power to instantly cause the death of any person by simply pointing his sword, and his displeasure was certain to be fatal to the offender. Within a few moments we saw a gathering of soldiers and citizens upon the banks of the Little Horn, where we were told lay the body of the slain sorcerer. An Indian policeman rode up flaunting a few pieces of scarlet flannel, and, thrusting forth his hand, shook with each of us as he said, brokenly: "Me—Fire Bear—kill Shesh Tah Pash." It was indeed true, and the mystical being who had been the cause of the most remarkable of all the wars, in the history of Indian strife, had gone to his fathers.

The Indians now crowded into the village within the military lines and the firing closed. The remainder of the day was quieter than at any time for many days before the battle, but the night which followed was hideous with the discordant notes of savage mourning. Next day a ride over the field and through the abandoned Indian camp revealed some sad, pathetic sights. Here was a group of squaws prone upon the earth mourning for one of their number killed by a Hotchkiss shell; here another of men, women and children weeping over the dead Shesh Tah Pash. In the rifle pits excavated by the Indians lay their household goods, just as they had left them upon their retreat; articles no doubt, many of them, as precious to them as are his own to civilized man.

In one a ludicrous yet half sad little thing was seen. It was a number of helpless young puppies and kittens sleeping together in a kettle, where they had no doubt been placed by some little one, before seeking safety for itself. All about were evidences of the fearful panic which had routed the village, and the character of the debris indicated that flight was the last result expected. There is little doubt that they believed that the supernatural arts of their prophet would triumph and that through him their race would repossess the free soil of their fathers, and the white man pass away from the face of the earth. Later when we saw the leaders of the revolt, with irons upon their limbs, we felt little like rejoicing, for then was the thought that the same spirit had in part animated them which has underlain all the great revolutions of the world, and which when tinctured with success, is pronounced grand and sublime, but with failure, lawless and base.

Butte, April 13, 1892.

FREE THOROUGHFARE.

In hollow trees
Live white owls, chipmunks, bats and bees.
If I were a chipmunk, bat or bee,
I'd pack my stores in an empty tree.

Under the ground,
Ants and beetles and snakes are found;
And truth! the snake with a leathern skin
Needs a cellar to hide him in.

By the brook's brink,
Splash! go the beaver, muskrat, mink,
Clasped in a doublet close as he,
A beaver's hut were the place for me.

High o'er the rocks,
Lord of his watch tower, dwells the fox.
Were I more fleet than the west wind is,
I'd have a staircase steep as his.

Of nose and beak,
Tooth and tail, it were long to speak.
Every creature I much admire
Who lives in winter and needs no fire.

Whichsoever anyone meets
Has roofed his chamber or paved his streets;
Yet all of their wits not one, you see,
Has learned the secret of lock and key.

—*Springfield Republican.*

THE RUSTLERS' FATE.

GRAY and ghostlike the lengthening shadows cast across a rock rimmed pocket coulee in the range wilds. The bleak and broken country about shows no sign of human habitation. Perhaps from the higher point of crags on the further side of the rocky rift, a lone sheepherder's cabin might be seen by the waning light. Not a cheerful prospect this for a camping place on a wild March night, but it is a good hiding place. The thriving city of Billings lies hid away below the sand rock bluffs, near as the crow flies, but a long and weary 20 miles by the wagon trail. The very place this for dark deeds. A regiment might be hid away in this broken, tortuous coulee undiscovered by a marching multitude. Has the flight of time trailed backward, or are these shadowy forms that cautiously hold the lower trail in the gulch, the ghosts of Granville Stuart's regulator band that purged the Judith and Musselshel country ten years ago of the horse thieves and brand burners that nearly wrecked the range industry in the early eighties. No word is spoken, the leader holds aloft a silencing hand and in the deathly stillness of the winter range can be heard the hoof beats of a band of horses. The quarry is nearing the trap. Two men, both young and rugged looking, riding in fancied security and holding together a small bunch of horses, come to a stop on the rim rock just in front and above the ambushed forms. They debate upon the advisability of resting here for the part of the night they may dare to sleep, long before the late winter dawning they must be hitting the road hard across country to safely escape with their stolen steeds.

These are horse rustlers, they have worried through the winter in Billings as best they might. With the first suggestion of spring a plot they had hatched together to fix themselves for another hard winter has been so far successfully prosecuted. It matters not to them that among the stolen horses is one belonging to a benefactor who has shared shelter, food and clothes with them, a poor man too; nor that the saddles they ride, the bridles they hold are only their property since yesterday and that they then stole them. Integrity, morality, gratitude they know not of. Young but by reason of their rough calling and rough associates degraded beyond understanding. In picturesque cowboy attire they ride boldly up to dismount and prepare to make a cache for their illy gotten four-footed plunder. The "kid" rips out a veteran oath as his chilled feet strike the hard sand rock in dismounting from that saddle which he may never mount again. His companion also dismounts and the saddles and blankets are quickly taken off and the horses picketed. Into the coulee goes Al Parks, the rustler, to hunt a warmer resting place. He tosses the saddles and gear together in one pile, and then he hears a sound that causes him to quake with fear, and bitterly curse the imprudence that led him to leave the swift saddle-horse, for he knows now that the regulators have marked him for their game. A crashing volley over his head drowns the terrible cry of the "kid," and he thinks he yet may escape. Futile hope. He sees no one, but as he breaks cover and starts to run, his revolver ready cocked in hand, a bullet through the pistol arm drops that and the gun. He runs like a scared wolf, but a relentless enemy is all about him. A bullet in the leg brings him to the ground, then a red, roaring hell, and his career is closed, his race run.

The regulators have no time for sentiment. That cur wont run off many more horses, says the leader as he spurns the corpse with his foot, leave him for the snow to blanket, let's look at the "kid." On the sandy rim rock discolored with his blood, lay the first victim in the tragedy of this over true tale. Death did not at once result from the cruel volley which cut him down in the morning of life. The vitality of his young frame, pierced with half a dozen rifle bullets, each of which meant death, showed in the struggling spirit. The death struggle was cut short by one more humane than, the leader sending a pistol ball crashing through the "kid's" brain. A rifle bullet through the heads of both of the trembling horses that were picketed near, ended the bloody enactment. Black, starless night closed down, and only the March wind whispered and moaned and shouted "the way of the transgressor is hard."

Five weeks later a wandering herder stumbled across the blackened discolored form of the "kid" and paused to investigate no further. Word reached the coroner that a dead human body lay bleaching in the coulee at the head of Alkali creek. Unknown dead are a growing spring crop in this country, and one more or less produces no great sensation. The average Montana man is hardened to the coroner's jury service and is amused by it. Bright shone the sun on the budding landscape the day the coroner visited the scene of slaughter. The "kid" it was who had been found dead with his boots on. His dead face turned up to the sky, eyeless sockets, a ghastly grinning face. Seven rifle bullets had taken their course through his body, from the tangled mass of curls a pistol bullet which had scattered his brains dropped out ahead of the investigating probe. Close by lay the half-destroyed body of a horse, below in the coulee lay the other horse, the saddles and blankets further yet. Two days later 300 yards down the coulee was found the other dead rustler, his loaded revolver close by. Ten rifle bullets had entered his body and he too was shot in the head. The stereotyped verdict of the coroners jury suffices for both * * * deceased came to his death by gunshot wounds at the hands of parties unknown. Two mounds in the potter's field, a harvest for special correspondents and perhaps a broken hearted, sad eyed mother lonely weeping in the states Her son had found his fortune in the land of the setting sun. QUIEN SABE.

Billings, Montana, April 12, 1892.

THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE.

THE DEVIL'S bridge in Switzerland is a wonderful single arch thrown over the Reuss, and it is said the torrent carried away all the bridges which could be constructed over its bed. One day the people came and told the bailiff of the canton of Uri that the newest and the best bridge ever built had been carried away the night before. To describe the bailiff's fury would be impossible. "None but the devil," said he, "can ever accomplish this work."

Upon these words the bailiff's servant appeared with convulsed features, announcing in a trembling voice, "His Satanic Majesty." The devil entered with a low bow. He was dressed like a Swiss peasant, and his long tail hung below his trousers behind. He seated himself at ease in an arm-chair, and resting his cloven feet on the glowing brands in the fireplace: "You called me, I believe?"

"No—yes," replied the bailiff.

"For the construction of a bridge?" continued the devil.

"The service you speak of would be of inestimable value to us."

"'For nothing you get nothing,' says the proverb," continued satan.

"We expended 10 ounces of gold for the last bridge, and I would willingly pay you double that sum for the bridge you would engage to build for us."

"Bah! If you have nothing but money to offer me, you may keep it. I have all the money I care for." And picking up a glowing coal from the fire with his fingers he put it into the bailiff's money bag, when, for a marvel, the coal became an ingot of gold as cold as a morsel of ice.

"Very well, then: what will you have?"

"Here, read and sign this paper: that is what I wish," and drawing a paper from his pocket the devil laid it before the bailiff.

The latter read as follows: "Satan shall have for his own the first soul which shall pass over the bridge, which he, Satan, engages to build in a single night."

The bailiff, after a moment's reflection, wrote his name below the agreement; the devil did the same, put the paper into his pocket, and disappeared, leaving a strong odor of sulphur behind him.

The next day a superb bridge spanned the Reuss, and the builder sat on a stone in the road waiting for his promised reward. Suddenly in the distance he saw the bailiff coming, carrying a sack on his back.

"How is this!" cried the devil; "are you coming to cross the bridge first, my dear friend—to sacrifice yourself for your compatriots.

"Not precisely," replied the other in a mocking tone. Then he stooped and let down his sack at the end of the bridge, untied the cord that bound it, and let out of it a great black cat, which crossed the bridge with rapid bounds.

"Wretch!" screamed the devil, "you thought you would trick me, but it will do you no good;" and taking up an immense mass of rock, he was about to annihilate his work, when a procession of priests appeared with the cross borne before them and banners flying, to bless the bridge. At this sight Satan quickly dropped the rock and disappeared, howling in disappointment and rage.

When the bailiff put his hand into his money bag for the ingot of gold, he burned his fingers on a red-hot coal.

APRIL.

A wayward maid of smiles and tears,
Of fitful hopes and sudden fears,
She falters o'er the fields of brown,
And hesitates 'twixt laugh and frown.

The mellow pipe of birds she hears,
As dies upon her listening ears
The tread of March, the banished king
Who ruled the first rude days of spring.

But, with her smiles and with her tears,
She works the magic of the years,
And April's touch prepares the way
For all the sweetness found in May

—*W. G. Patten.*

ILLINOIS OF LINCOLN'S TIME

PORTIONS of the Lincoln "Life" recall most vividly my childish recollection of the time and the people mentioned there, as well as many points told me by my mother and father.

My father was the A. T. Bledsoe referred to in the history. He practiced law in the supreme court of Illinois, of which my grandfather, Moses O. Bledsoe, was clerk. He was an intimate associate of most of the men mentioned in this open letter as being prominent in the Springfield of that date, and I have heard him talk by the hour and tell stories of that time.

In these days the character of the courts in which my father as well as Mr. Lincoln practiced was very primitive, and the stories told by my father are perhaps worth recording.

In one case a livery-stable horse had died soon after being returned, and the person who had hired it was sued for damages. The case finally required some proof that the defendant was a hard rider. A witness was called—a long, lanky, Westerner. The lawyer said, "How does Mr. So-and-so usually ride?"

Without a gleam of intelligence the witness replied, "A-straddle, sir."

"No, no," said the lawyer; "I mean, does he usually walk, or trot, or gallop?"

"Wall," said the witness, apparently searching in the depths of his memory for facts, "when he rides a walkin' horse he walks, when he rides a trottin' horse he trots, when he rides a gallopin' horse he gallops, when ——"

The lawyer, lately: "I want to know what gait the defendant usually takes, fast or slow."

"Wall," said the witness, still meditating, "when his company rides fast he rides fast, and when his company rides slow he rides slow."

"I want to know, sir," the lawyer said, very much exasperated and very stern now, "how Mr. So-and-so rides when he is alone."

"Wall," said the witness, more slowly and meditatively than ever, "when he was alone I wa'nt along, and I don't know."

The laugh of the court at the baffled questioner ended the cross-examination.

A case of sheep-killing came up. The defendant was a rustic, and the charge was, "Killed with malicious mischief." When asked, "Guilty or not guilty?" the defendant would give no direct answer. "I did kill that sheep, but I didn't kill him with no malicious mischief." Nothing else could be extracted from him. Finally he was told that he must plead something, "guilty or not guilty." He refused to acknowledge himself either. "You must do something," said the judge. "What do you do?" "I stand mute," was all that could be extracted from him. In the end the case was decided against him, but he was told that he could take it up to the court of errors. "If this here ain't a court of errors," said the phlegmatic victim of the law, "I'd jest like to know where you kin find one."

In a case I have forgotten the charge which went against the defendant, who rose up and gave his opinion of the judgment and was fined $10 for contempt of court, a bill was handed over to the clerk which proved to be $20.

"I have no change," said the clerk, tendering it to the offender.

"Never mind about the other $10," was the retort. "Keep it; I'll take it out in contempt."

There was in those early days a curious character who presided at the bar: his name I have forgotten, but I remember my father's characterizing him, in Lord Chesterfield's phrase, as "dullness blundering upon vivacities." In a certain case in which this person acted as counsel for the plaintiff, a five-dollar note had been stolen. That fact was proved beyond question. The point at issue was one of grand or petit larceny. The counsel for the defendat made the ingenious plea that the bill was an Indiana bill, and worth $4.95, and therefore was below the limit of petit larceny, $5 being the limit. The jury seemed quite impressed by the argument, when the counsel of the plaintiff rose, and in the peculiar drawl and nasal intonation characteristic of his speech said: "Gentlemen of the jury, if any one of you was to take that Indiany $5 bill to market, there's not a butcher there that would not be glad to take it at pa-a-ar. If you was to go to any of the stores on the square here, they'd be willing and mor'n willing to take it at pa-a-ar; but this mean, confounded sneak couldn't afford to steal it at pa-a-ar." The jury rendered a verdict "guilty of grand larceny."—*Sophie Bledsoe Herrick.*

GRACE.

Something it is like her!
The curve of the cheek and the way
The hair has gone astray,
Twining about the ear;
Yes, and the picture here
Has that look of vague surprise
That I saw sometimes in her eyes.

Something it is like her!
As if a painter had seen
Her face but once, and then
Striven with it in his heart
Almost in vain, to impart
To his canvas aught of the grace
Of the soul he saw in her face!

Something it is like her!
And so it hangs here by my head,
And the light of its beauty is shed
Over my room, and it seems
That sometimes it brings me dreams
Of herself—of her flitting smiles
In these dreary, sad afterwhiles!

Something it is like her!
And I bow my head even now
Into my hands, and the low
Sound of her voice comes again,
Trembling the sad refrain
Of the end of the joy that is dead
In my heart, from which hope has fled!

—*Washington Post.*

CONVICTING A MURDERER.

JOSIAH LAMBORN, who was a law partner of Abraham Lincoln, and one of the galaxy of stars that embraced Lincoln, Douglas, Baker, Calhoun, Logan and Browning, has been nearly eclipsed by the neglect of the generous biographers who have recorded the fame of his compeers, writes Samuel Lamborn in the *Century*. Politics and law in his day were almost inseparable, and he took a leading part as a democrat in the heated campaign of 1840. He was engaged in a notable debate with Douglas, Calhoun and Thomas as coadjutors, against Lincoln, Logan, Baker and Browning for the whigs. He was not brilliant in oratory, but correct and calculating. Only once was he beaten in argument, and that was by Stephen A. Douglas.

The following account of Lamborn's power as prosecuting attorney in a celebrated case is furnished by Judge J. H. Matheny, who was at the time a clerk in the circuit court and an eye witness of the event:

In a neighboring county, in a difficulty arising out of politics, two prominent citizens became involved and one killed the other. He was arrested and indicted for murder. His friends employed Edward D. Baker to defend him. Baker was just coming to the front as a great criminal advocate; was young, ambitious. Lamborn was prosecutor, and he, too, was young and ambitious, and felt that Baker was a foeman worthy of his steel. The author of this sketch [Judge Matheny] was then studying law with Baker and was somewhat skilled in the preparation of defenses and selection of juries, and at Baker's request went with him to the trial. The whole county was intensely excited. The trial had assumed a political aspect. The man on trial was a whig, and the man killed was a democrat; the party lines were closely drawn, and the friends of the dead man were clamorous for the blood of the man who killed him. The court was held in a large frame building used as a Baptist church, and on the day of the trial it was crowded to its utmost capacity. The jury was impaneled and the evidence taken. The killing was admitted and the defense was "justifiable homicide."

Lamborn and Baker were both strangers to the people and jurors, neither having visited that county, and each determined to win a victory. Lamborn arose to open the case on the part of the prosecution. He was a tall, slim man, with a most singularly musical voice, and the strangest tawny complexion imaginable. His whole countenance was utterly emotionless. Over his voice he had complete control. He simply read the indictment, and then, in a few unimpassioned words, asked a conviction of the defendant. Everybody was astonished and disappointed. I was watching him intently. I knew the man so well that I was looking for something extraordinary; but his sudden abandonment of the case surprised me greatly. Baker arose for the defense. He was a handsome man—one of the handsomest men I ever know. Beneath the magic power of his burning eloquence all hearts were subdued, all angry passions were hushed, the fierce cry for blood was stilled, and it could be plainly seen that from every bosom in that vast audience went up the earnest prayer: "Let him go free!"

During Baker's wonderful defense I was watching Lamborn. He sat perfectly still, seemingly unconscious of time and place. When Baker sat down and the murmuring ripple of approval had ceased Lamborn arose in a weary and listless manner, and asked the court to take a recess until after supper, stating that he did not feel well, and needed a little time to prepare his answer to the powerful defense made by Baker. Court adjourned until 7 o'clock. After the people had gone Lamborn came to me and asked me to go with him to see the sheriff.

The sheriff came to the front door and invited us in. Lamborn declined, but said: "I am not well, and my eyes are so exceedingly weak that I cannot bear the light. Now I want you to do this for me. When you open the court room to-night I don't want any light in the room but one candle, and I want that placed on the little stand in front of the jury." She sheriff replied: "Will the judge permit that? It will leave the room so very dark." Lamborn said: "I will speak to the judge, it will be all right. Baker made a strong defense, and I must answer it, for that man is a murderer and must be hung, and I can't successfully answer it unless you do as I want you to." "All right—all right," said the sheriff, "if the judge don't object."

Seven o'clock approached, and Lamborn took my arm, and we made our way slowly to the court room. As soon as I entered the door I comprehended it all. The house was completely filled, and the one solitary candle, casting its weird, ghostly shadow throughout the room, sent a shivering chill all over me, and, casting my eyes over the faces of the jurors, I could plainly see that the same effect was produced upon them as upon me. Gone were the beaming eyes and joyous countenances as they gleamed and glowed beneath Baker's glorious eloquence; gone the pulsations of mercy that then thrilled every bosom.

Lamborn slowly and deliberately arose in front of the jury, that one candle casting its faint light upon the cold and pulseless face. Half bent he stood, leaning upon a chair in front of him; and thus he stood for fifteen or twenty seconds utterly motionless. Every eye was upon him. Then with a cold and passionless sepulchral voice he said:

"Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed."

He partly straightened himself, pausing for perhaps a half minute, the ghostly shadows seeming to grow darker around him, when again came the fearful words: "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed."

By this time the silence in the room had become absolutely appalling; men ceased to breathe, and their very hearts stood still. He raised himself to his full height, stood perfectly motionless for perhaps a minute, then in words as cold and passionless as death, again came the awful denunciation:

"Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed."

Then, pointing his quivering fingers at the jury, and with a voice that rang like a trumpet, he exclaimed:

"Such is God Almighty's awful decree. Dare you disobey it?"

He ceased. It was enough; the work was done; a verdict of guilty followed, and the unfortunate victim passed on to his fate. I have seen in my time wonderful actors, have witnessed some extraordinary scenes on the stage, but never have I seen anything to equal that night's work in that humble court room.

Lamborn became the law partner of Abraham Lincoln; was appointed prosecuting attorney for Jacksonville, Morgan county, Ill., and was elected attorney general of Illinois for 1840-'43. He died in 1847.

THE NEGLECT OF LANGUAGES.

Even the Learned Men Are Not Able to Keep Up Their Acquired Tongues.

The present state of linguistic education gives the most unsatisfactory results, says Philip Gilbert Hamerton in the *Forum*. Languages are first very laboriously and imperfectly learned and then generally abandoned in after-life. Even the learned themselves rarely pursue them unless they have some special reason for doing so connected with their professional business. Modern languages are neglected almost as much as the ancient when they are not wanted for business purposes or travel. An Oxford man who is a ripe Italian scholar tells me that young ladies in England invariably give up their Italian after leaving school, as young men throw aside their Latin. University degrees are evidence of past labor, but not of interest, affection or facility. Lord Dufferin said that although he had taken a degree he could not really read Greek until he had learned it over again for himself, and in his own way.

An English judge who had taken his degree at Cambridge told me that he could not make out Greek in mature life, even with the help of the lexicon. A fellow of the French university, a prizeman especially for Latin in a severe competitive examination, told me that he should never think of reading Latin for his pleasure—he did not know it well enough. An English professor, reputed to be one of the best Latin scholars in his own country, gave up Latin and Greek entirely when he turned his attention to modern languages. The principal of a French college once confessed to me that he never read Latin or Greek, which were taught in the place by the specialist masters under him. All these were what he called "learned men," certainly educated men. What, therefore, are we to expect from the half-educated?